

UNCLE SAM

BY
WILLIAM
E.
EISNER



A GREAT DARKNESS
SWEEPS OVER THE
COUNTRY.... EMPLOYEES IN
PLANTS FILLING DEFENSE
ORDERS ARE STRICKEN
WITH A BAFFLING AND
TERRIFYING BLINDNESS...

THE STRICKEN MEN POUR
FROM THE FACTORIES WHILE
SCREAMING AND CLAWING
THEIR NOW LIFELESS EYES..



WORKERS AT
SHIPYARDS HURTL
TO EARTH AS THE
DARKNESS
SEIZES THEM.



IN ONE OF THE STRICKEN DE-
FENSE PLANTS, THE PRESIDENT
DENOUNCES THE WORK OF THE
F. B. I.

F. B. I.!!
BAH!!
YOU'VE
DONE
NOTHING!

WE'VE
DISCOVERED
THAT EVERY MAN
YOU'VE HIRED WAS
A BLACK
LEGION MEMBER!!









THE FLEEING CAR ROARS INTO AN OPEN PLANT GATEWAY...

THEY'RE HEADING INTO THE NORD MOTOR PLANT!



THEY'VE CLOSED THE GATES AFTER THAT CAR! HOLD TIGHT, BUDDY... WE'RE CRASHING THIS PARTY!!



LIKE A BIG PROJECTILE THE CAR GOES THROUGH....



HEY, GUARDS!! STOP THOSE MEN!!



UNCLE SAM CATCHES THE BLACK LEGION MEN... AS HE POUNDS THEM, ONE ESCAPES...



STOP THAT MAN! STOP HIM, OR YOU'LL ALL BE BLIND!!



BEFORE HE CAN BE STOPPED THE MAN EMPTIES A BAG OF POWDER INTO THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM...

START THE FIRE ALARM! GET OUT OF THE PLANT!



THAT STOPS THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM!



WITH FIRE WHISTLES BLOWING AND MEN POURING FROM THE PLANT, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY BOARD A FAST PLANE WHICH STANDS IN THE YARD...

WE'LL FIND THAT BLACK LEGION HANG-OUT!!





ON THE ISLAND OF THE SABOTEURS, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY OPEN A STEEL DOOR THAT LEADS TO....

CAREFUL! THEY MAY BE WAITING FOR US!



WHY!... IT'S JUST LIKE OUR APARTMENT ELEVATOR!

PRESS THE DOWN BUTTON, SON!



THEN...



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, A STEEL DOOR LEADS TO A GREAT CONFERENCE ROOM....

...AND WE WILL OVERTHROW AMERICA IN TWO DAYS... ALREADY COMRADES, WE CONTROL EVERY VITAL INDUSTRY!!



YOU MEAN YOU DID CONTROL THEM!



KILL THESE DUMBKOPF MEDDLERS!



BUDDY HURLS A PARALYSIS BOMB, AND.....

THAT'LL KEEP 'EM QUIET FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS!



LET'S GO, BUDDY... THEY'RE ALL OUT COLD!



AND ONCE AGAIN IN THEIR PLANE....

NOW TO THE NEAREST COAST GUARD STATION... THEY CAN PICK UP THOSE RATS ON THE ISLAND....

ALSO THE TWO THAT WE HAVE!



MEANWHILE... A RADIO STORE IN AMERICA....

...AND THE BLINDNESS STRUCK SIMULTANEOUSLY THIS MORNING AT CAMP SEELEY AND FT. HALL.... FOUR THOUSAND RECRUITS HAVE GONE BLIND SO FAR....



FAR ACROSS THE OCEAN, IN A FOREIGN CAPITOL.....

COMRADES OF THE **BLACK LEGION**... SOMETHING IS WRONG AT OUR AMERICAN BASE... RADIO CONTACT WITH IT HAS **CEASED**.... PROCEED WITH PLAN "K"....



THE FOREIGN **BLACK LEGION** DISPATCHES HUNDREDS OF PLANES TO AMERICA ON A FEARFUL MISSION....

...FLY OVER THE UNITED STATES... SCATTER YOUR CARGOES IN THE AIR... IN A WEEK, EVERYBODY IN AMERICA WILL BE **BLIND!!**



BUT **UNCLE SAM** AND **BUDDY** PICK UP THIS MESSAGE ON THE **AUDIPHONE**....

SO!!... THEY'RE GOING TO TRY **MASS BLINDNESS!**

SO LONG, **UNCLE SAM**... I HAVE TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A **DOG!**



THE **QUARTERS** OF THE **COMMANDING OFFICER** OF A LARGE **ARMY AIR-BASE**...

THEY'RE HALFWAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC NOW... THEY SHOULD BE HERE TOMORROW!

LAD, IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU AND YOUR **UNCLE** SO WELL, I'D SAY YOU WERE **CRAZY**... BUT VERY WELL... WE'LL MEET THOSE DEVILS WITH **FIRE!**



MEANWHILE... **UNCLE SAM** READS A REPORT FROM A **STAFF OF FAMOUS DOCTORS**

...AND YOUR **FORMULA** HAS, IN EVERY TEST, PROVED **SUCCESSFUL** IN RESTORING SIGHT TO **BLINDED VICTIMS**....



GOOD! NOW I CAN GO AHEAD WITH MY PLAN TO **DEFEAT THE GREAT DARKNESS!**



LATER... AT THE **LOCKLEER AIRCRAFT PLANT** WHERE TEN THOUSAND **BLACK LEGION WORKERS** HAVE NOW REPLACED THE **BLINDED EMPLOYEES**....

SCRAM, **STRIPED PANTS!** THIS AIN'T NO **MASQUERADE!**



ONE SIDE, **TRAITOR!!** COME ON, **BUDDY**... TO THE **AIR-CONDITIONING PLANT!**



SHAKE A **LEG, BUDDY!!**



NEXT MORNING.....

EXTRA!!!
GREAT DARKNESS
STRIKES
WEST COAST
FACTORIES
SECOND
TIME!! —
READ ALL
ABOUT
IT!



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN

GIVE, **UNCLE!!**
DON'T TELL US
THIRTY THOUSAND
BLACK LEGION
RATS **BLINDED**
THEMSELVES!

YEAH!!
AND THAT
AIR
BATTLE
OVER THE
ATLANTIC..

TWO
HUNDRED
BLACK LEGION
PLANES SHOT
DOWN!!



GIVE ME ANOTHER DAY,
BOYS... THE JOB ISN'T
FINISHED!



THE U.S. ARMY ROUNDS UP
SABOTEUR WORKERS IN
FACTORIES ALL OVER THE LAND,
THOUSANDS OF FORMER EM-
PLOYEES, CURED OF BLINDNESS,
RETURN TO WORK.....

PILE IN, YOU
GUYS... YOU'RE
ALL GOING
T'HAVE A
NICE LONG
REST!!



AT ANOTHER DISTANT SPOT...



THAT
POWDER
FIXED 'EM,
**UNCLE
SAM!!**

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS TO
THE NATION.....

THE **BLACK LEGION** HAS
BEEN CRUSHED, AND THE
DREADFUL BLINDNESS
HALTED PERMANENTLY....
THANKS TO **UNCLE SAM**,
THE FREEDOM OF OUR
NATION HAS AGAIN.....



ALONG THE NATION'S HIGHWAYS FILE THOUSANDS OF CAP-
TIVE **BLACK LEGION** MEMBERS WHO HAD ALMOST
WRECKED DEMOCRACY... THE MARCH OF THE BLIND RATS...
.....TO PRISON.....



WHILE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

HATEFUL ORGANIZATIONS
WILL EVER SEEK TO CRUSH
LIBERTY AND FREEDOM....
BUT SO LONG AS AMERICANS
LIVE IN THE SPIRIT OF
DEMOCRACY, OUR COUNTRY
WILL NEVER FALL!



'RAY
**UNCLE
SAM!!**

Sally O'NEIL

Policewoman

By Frank Kane



WITH THREE BROTHERS ON THE FORCE, SALLY NATURALLY FOLLOWS TRADITION TO BECOME A POLICEWOMAN. BUT HER EXPLOITS ARE FAR FROM TRADITIONAL. IN FACT, SHE USUALLY KEEPS THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT BREATHLESS. . .

BARRY GILMORE, SALLY'S MOVIE ACTOR FRIEND HAS COME BACK TO TOWN. TONIGHT THEY STEP OUT FOR SOME FUN.

GOSH, BARRY IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU!

DITTO . . . AND NOW WE'LL MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME BY CELEBRATING AT LEN CARMEN'S CASINO!



HALFWAY ACROSS THE BROAD SPAN A CROWD HAS GATHERED.



COME ON, BARRY.. CASBY SAYS HE DOESN'T NEED ME.. THE SQUAD IS HERE ALREADY!

CROSSING THE BRIDGE, THEY ARRIVE SHORTLY AT CARMEN'S CASINO HIGH ON THE BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.

I READ THAT ZARO, THE HYPNOTIST IS HERE TONIGHT. SOUNDS GOOD, SAL..

INSIDE, THE FLOOR SHOW IS BEGINNING.. THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES INTRODUCES THE FIRST FEATURE..

YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM.. YOU'VE READ OF HIM.. AND NOW YOU SEE HIM! ZARO, THE GREATEST MIND READER ON EARTH!

THE MIND READER PASSES TO SALLY NEXT...

YOU WILL THINK OF A QUESTION FOR ME TO ANSWER?

YES, YOU FAKIR! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT ON THE BRIDGE?

ZARO STARTS IN SURPRISE.

IF I WERE YOU, YOUNG LADY, I WOULDN'T HARBOR SUCH GRUESOME THOUGHTS!

ZARO DIRECTS HIS PIERCING GAZE TO A WOMAN AND THEN ANSWERS HER UN-SPOKEN QUESTION.

YES, MADAM YOUR HUSBAND STILL LOVES YOU!

EVERYONE LAUGHS BUT ZARO CONTINUES TO STARE AT SALLY.. SHE TWISTS NERVOUSLY IN HER CHAIR..

BARRY... I F-FEEL DIZZY.. TAKE ME HOME PLEASE!

OF COURSE, SALLY!

THEY DRIVE OFF INTO THE COOL NIGHT.. SUDDENLY..

SALLY! WE'RE DOIN' SIXTY! WHY ARE YOU OPENING THE DOOR?

THE CAR LURCHES CRAZILY TO A STOP AS BARRY GRABS HER.



SALLY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?



HEY! WAKE UP!! SAY SOMETHING!

OH...OOOH

BARRY SHAKES SALLY OUT OF HER TRANCE... HE TAKES THE WHEEL AGAIN.



ZARO HYPNOTIZED ME, BARRY! I WAS GOING TO KILL MYSELF. NOW I'M SURE HE DID THE SAME THING TO THAT MAN!

WE'LL GO BACK TO THE CASINO

AT CARMEN'S, SALLY AND BARRY CREEP QUIETLY TO THE MANAGER'S WINDOW.



AND NOW, ZARO, YOUR NEXT VICTIM IS TO BE GREGORY FALK. THE FINANCIER.. HE OWES US MONEY!

THE FRIGHTENED BANKER IS BROUGHT TO ZARO.



LOOK INTO MY EYES.. GAZE DEEPLY.. YOU ARE IN MY POWER. IN MY POWER..

I AM IN YOUR POWER!

FALK WALKS OUT, HYPNOTIZED.



YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR APARTMENT... YOU WILL OPEN YOUR WINDOW SLOWLY... THEN... YOU WILL JUMP!

SUDDENLY...



SPYIN' ON CARMEN, HUH?

BARRY RETURNS THE BLOW ANGRILY BUT...



O.K. WISE GUY! REACH.. OR WE'LL FRY YOUR GAL IN HOT LEAD!



NOW THAT'S BETTER.. WALK?

TURN LEFT INTO THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE!

THE THUGS LEAD SALLY AND BARRY TO LEN CARMEN'S PRIVATE OFFICE . . .

BOSS, WE CAUGHT 'EM SPYIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW!

NO MATTER . . . I'LL GET RID OF THEM BOTH NOW!

SALLY FUMBLES IN HER PURSE . . .



ZARO! I THOUGHT YOU DISPOSED OF HER!

SO DID I, LEN!



STOP HER, ZARO! SHE MIGHT HAVE A GUN!



DON'T WORRY, BOYS . . . NO GUNS . . . IF I'VE GOT TO GO TO HEAVEN, I'D LIKE TO POWDER MY NOSE FIRST . . .



BUT, ZARO . . . I THINK YOUR EYES NEED THE POWDER MORE!



CLEVER DAME, AREN'T YOU? ZARO, YOU'RE A BLUNDERING IDIOT FOR LETTING HER GET THE BEST OF YOU!



BEFORE CARMEN CAN FIRE, BARRY GIVES HIS DESK A HEALTHY SHOVE . . .

THE MANAGER'S HENCHMEN JOIN THE FIGHT . . . SOON BEDLAM RULES THE OFFICE . . .

E-O-OUCH!



CRACK

IN THE GENERAL CONFUSION, SALLY AND BARRY FLEE THROUGH THE WINDOW.



OUTSIDE IT IS PITCH BLACK. THE PURSUING THUGS ARE STARTLED BY A SHRILL CRY.



THE KILLERS DASH TO INVESTIGATE. THEY CAN BARELY SEE A FOOT AHEAD AND THEY DON'T SEE BARRY OR SALLY AT ALL.



AT THIS MOMENT LEN CARMEN AND ZARO ARRIVE.



SATISFIED, THEY TURN BACK TO THE CASINO.



WITH THEIR COATS, SALLY AND BARRY WRAP THE TWO VILLAINS LIKE MUMMIES.



AFTER YOU'VE DUMPED CARMEN IN THE RUMBLE SEAT, BARRY, TAKE THIS OTHER BUNDLE OF JOY!



FORTUNATELY, THIS IS AS FAR AS IT WILL CLOSE. THEY'LL HAVE ENOUGH AIR!



NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET TO GREGORY FALK'S HOUSE! GOOD I READ THE ADDRESS IN A SOCIETY COLUMN!



THEY PULL UP BEFORE A SWANKY SKYSCRAPER APARTMENT BUILDING.



FALK'S CAB JUST PULLED AWAY... THAT MEANS WE'RE IN TIME!

BUT AS THEY GET TO THE ELEVATOR...



TOO LATE!

SLAM

NO USE CHASING UP THE STAIRS, BARRY! HE'D PROBABLY LOCK THE DOOR.. ATTENDANT, WOULD YOU PLEASE PLUG A LINE IN THE SWITCHBOARD?



YES, MA'M.

OPERATOR... HAVE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT SAFETY NET CREW COME TO 1 LARK AVENUE IMMEDIATELY! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES THE ENGINE COMES TEARING DOWN THE STREET.



THERE'S THE GUY..PERCHED ON THE NINTH FLOOR!

CLANG! CLANG!

THE NET'S READY. HE'S JUMPIN'!



THE FORCE OF THE FALL BRINGS FALK OUT OF HIS TRANCE...



WHEW! N-NARROW ESCAPE, M-MISS O'NEIL..Y-YOU SAVED MY L-LIFE!

THESE TWO FRESHLY WRAPPED CABBAGES ARE CARMEN AND ZARO! BOOK THEM BOTH FOR MURDER, SERGEANT.. NOW LET'S FINISH THE EVENING, BARRY!



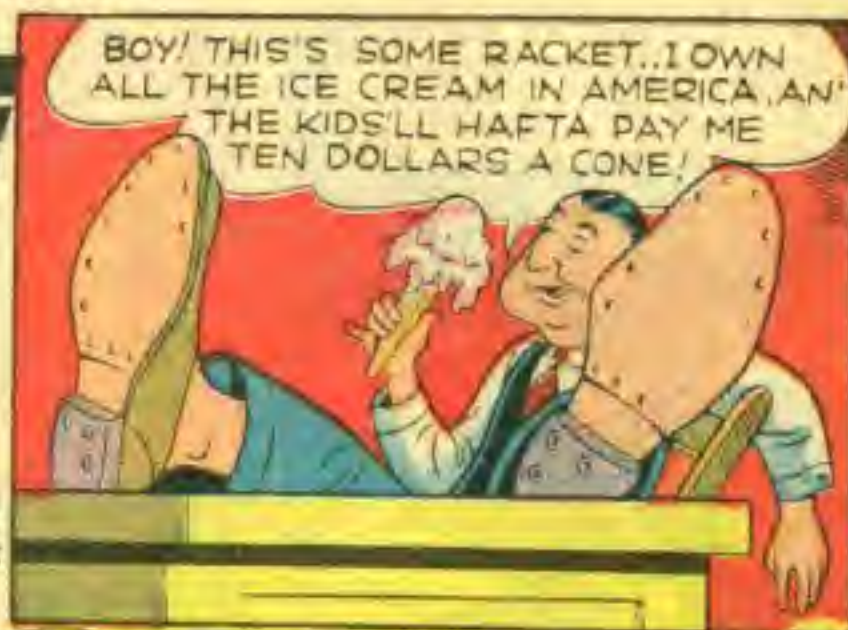
SALLY MEETS NEW THRILLS AND DANGER IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

CYCLONE cupid

HE AIN'T STUPID!

BUNNY CRUMB, A GANGSTER, HAS TAKEN OVER ALL THE ICE CREAM PLANTS IN AMERICA!

by GILL FOX



KID DIXON

By
Bob
Reynolds



HOLLYWOOD... HIS CROSS-COUNTRY JUNKET BRINGS THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AND HIS MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS TO THE CELLULOID CAPITAL



THE CHAMP IS QUICK TO ADOPT THE PREVAILING FASHION . .

WHAT TOOK YA SO LONG, TOPPS?

YE GADS AN' LITTLE TAILORS! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU BEEN SHOVELLED OUTA SOME-BODY'S BASEMENT!



YOU CAN GO HOLLYWOOD, KID, BUT YOU'RE A SUCKER FOR A PRETTY FACE AN' THIS MILK-STOP IS CRAWLIN' WITH 'EM!



NOW, LAY OFF THE LADIES, UNNERSTAN'?

YEAH... YEAH... I BEEN WAITIN' AN HOUR FOR YA.



I JUST SIGNED YOU UP FOR ONE MATCH FOR OTIS BARNSTABLE, THE PROMOTER.

HEY!



WHAT'S A MATTER WITH ME? I CAN WRITE!

IF I DO THE FIGHTIN', I DO THE SIGNIN'! THAT DOCUMENT AIN'T KOPASETIC WITHOUT MY CROSS!



OTIS BARNSTABLE ENTERPRISES



SEVERAL DAYS
LATER...

WOTTA GIRL!
I'M GONNA
STAY HERE

AN' LET HER PROMOTE ALL
MY FUTURE FIGHTS!

I KNEW
IT.. I KNEW IT!

THE SHAPE YOU'RE IN,
YER LUCKY IF YOU CAN
STUMBLE THROUGH
TONIGHT'S
BOÛT!

THAT NIGHT.. IN HIS DRESSING
ROOM, DIXON WAITS THROUGH
THE PRELIMINARIES...

AH, STOP WORRYING...
WHAT TIME IS IT?

THE EVENT
BEFORE
YOURS
SHOULD BE
STARTIN'!

WHAT'S THAT.. A CONVENTION FILING
THROUGH THE CORRIDOR?

I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR...

YA GOT THE ACT
DOWN STRAIGHT
NOW, BOYS?

THE FIGHT WILL BE AN OBVIOUS PHONY.. THEN THE REFEREE
WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR YOU TO START THE RIOT..
MAKE IT ROUGH AND NOISY....

OKAY,
CHALKY.

HA HA.. WE'LL SHOW THE
BOXING COMMISSION THAT
BARNSTABLE CAN'T KEEP
THINGS UNDER CONTROL..
THEN I STEP IN AN' TAKE
OVER THE INDUSTRY....

HEY, KID! IT'S CHALKY
SLADE.. HE'S FRAMIN'
FRIEND OTIS!

AFTER SOME ROUNDS, THE PAID HOOD-
LUMS WHIP UP A ROWDY RIOT...

LISTEN TO THAT... THE RIOT'S ON!



WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS!



THE AROUSED BATTLER SPEARS INTO THE THICK OF THE TURMOIL.

WINDING THROUGH THE WRITHING HUMANITY, HE PICKS OFF CHALKY'S RUFFIANS ONE BY ONE...



YOU NEED A REST, MISTER!



TELL CHALKY I'LL SAVE HIM A NICE ONE!



AN' NOW FOR THAT REFEREE!



ONCE OVER LIGHTLY FOR YOU, REF!



I'M WISE TO THE WHOLE CROOKED PLOT! NOW GET UP TO THAT "MIKE" AND SING!



ATTENTION!... ER... CHALKY SLADE ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING... TO DEMORALIZE THE BOXING SITUATION TO HIS OWN SELFISH ADVANTAGE...



NOW GET IN THERE AN' REFEREE... I'M GOIN' THROUGH WITH MY MATCH!



A TENSE HUSH FALLS OVER THE FANS AS THE BELL SOUNDS FOR THE MAIN EVENT...



THE CHAMP COCKS HIS FIST AT HIS NERVE-SHATTERED OPPONENT.



TH-THE W-WINNAH, IN IN SECOND OF THE F-FIRST ROUND...



OH, DANNY... YOU'RE WONDERFUL... YOU SAVED THE DAY! WE'RE GOING PLACES, WE TWO! I'VE GOT A LOT OF PROMOTIONAL IDEAS...



DAYS LATER...

I'VE A PIP OF A STUNT... A MONEYSMAKER! YOU FIGHT A BOXING KANGAROO FOR THE NEWS-REELS. WE CHARGE ADMISSION.. ETC.. ETC..



CONFIDENTLY, DANNY DANCES AND FEINTS AT THE WELL-TRAINED ANIMAL



I'VE... UH... CHANGED MY MIND... THAT GAL IS **TOO** FULL OF IDEAS! YOU'RE THE BOSS, TOPPS... WHERE DO WE MOSEY FROM HERE?



"WE'LL LEAVE THE KANGAROO IN THIS BOOK, FANS, AN' FORGET ABOUT 'IM. C'MON AROUND NEXT MONTH, WHEN I GOT ONLY HUMAN BEIN'S TO CONTEND WITH..."



Kid Dixon



WONDER BOY

BY JERRY MAXWELL

SPIES PLAY A DANGEROUS GAME WHEN THEY MATCH THEIR TREACHERY AGAINST THE AMAZING STRENGTH OF WONDER BOY...

WONDER BOY IS WATCHING A LITTLE BOY SKATING DOWN A STEEP HILL.

GEE.. THAT KID IS TAKING A DANGEROUS CHANCE.. WHAT IF A CAR SPEEDS BY WHEN HE CROSSES THE HIGHWAY?

OOH! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THERE COMES A BIG TRUCK.. IT WILL RUN OVER HIM UNLESS I STOP IT!

HO-LY MACK'REL!

WONDER BOY THROWS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST THE TRUCK, STOPPING IT AS THE SKATER WHIZZES PAST.

WOW!

BUT THE TRUCKMEN DON'T WAIT FOR QUESTIONS.

A MOTORCYCLE COP RIDES UP.

HEY THERE, KID!

WHERE DO YOU GET ALL THAT STRENGTH?

OH, I DUNNO! WHY?

IF YOU CAN SHOVE TRUCKS AROUND YOU CAN SURE HELP US OUT IN TOWN! JONAS FALCONI, THE INVENTOR IS TRAPPED IN HIS HOUSE! IT WAS BLOWN UP!

SURE... I'LL HELP! YOU WANT ME TO GET HIM OUT?

AT THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION, WONDER BOY DIGS IN AND DEBRIS BEGINS TO FLY.

SUDDENLY,

OH! HANDS STICKING OUT! IT MUST BE THE INVENTOR!

QUICKLY WONDER BOY SCOOPS UP THE INJURED MAN, WHILE THE CROWD BUZZES IN ASTONISHMENT AT HIS FEAT.

FALCONI IS PLACED IN A WAITING AMBULANCE...

FIND MY PLANS FOR THE STRATOSPHERE TORPEDO AND TAKE THEM TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT!

SURE, I'LL DO THAT!

WONDER BOY FINDS THE PLANS IN THE RUINS.

THESE ARE IMPORTANT! I'LL HURRY TO WASHINGTON!

BUT ACROSS THE WAY TWO MEN ARE WATCHING HIM.

WHEN WONDER BOY STARTS OFF ON HIS CROSS-COUNTRY JAUNT.

THEY FOLLOW.

WE WERE TOO SLOW! NOW THAT KID HAS THE BLUEPRINTS AND WE'VE GOT TO RUN HIM DOWN AND GRAB THEM!

THE CAR SNEAKS UP NOISELESSLY BEHIND HIM BUT...



WONDER BOY SENSES THE DANGER AND DROPS FLAT ON THE HIGHWAY.



AND AS THE CAR PASSES OVER HIM, HE ARCHES HIS BODY, CATAPULTING THE MEN INTO THE AIR.



SHAKING THE TREE, WONDER BOY KNOCKS THEM SENSELESS AS THEY FALL.

ONCE MORE HE IS ON HIS WAY.



THE MEN PHONE FOR A PLANE TO PURSUE HIM.



THE PLANE ZOOMS DOWN BUT MISSES WONDER BOY AS HE DIVES TO THE SIDE.



AS THE PLANE TRIES TO LAND, WONDER BOY UPROOTS A TREE AND HEAVES IT AT THE FUSELAGE.

THE MEN EMERGE FROM THE CRACK-UP ONLY TO MEET HARD CRACKS BY WONDER BOY'S FISTS.



THEY'RE OUT OF THE WAY, AND NOW I CAN CONTINUE TO WASHINGTON!



SORRY I HAVE TO WRECK A SWELL SHIP LIKE THAT!

AGAIN ONE OF THE CROOKS MAKES A CALL TO THE BOSS.





I'LL HANDLE THAT BRAT MYSELF WITH STRATEGY INSTEAD OF FORCE!



RACING ONWARD TO WASHINGTON, WONDER BOY STOPS BESIDE AN OVERTURNED WAGON OF WATERMELONS.

GOSH, MISTER, YOU HAD QUITE AN ACCIDENT!! I'LL LEND A HAND!



WITH A FLURRY OF SPEED, WONDER BOY TIPS BACK THE WAGON AND RELOADS IT.

YUM! I COULD EAT ONE OF THESE MYSELF!

THERE, THEY ARE ALL BACK IN THE WAGON!



GOOD WORK, SONNY! NOW YOU TAKE THIS NICE RIPE ONE AND HAVE A FEAST!

GEE, THANKS A LOT, SIR.



OH BOY! IS THIS A TREAT!



SUDDENLY HE FEELS WEAK AND FALLS IN THE ROAD..

WHAT'S THIS? THE FARMER LEFT HIS WAGON AND..



OH-OH! HE SNATCHED THE ROLL OF BLUE-PRINTS! DARN CLEVER! HE DOPED THAT MELON BUT DIDN'T KNOCK ME OUT ALTOGETHER!



WONDER BOY DRAGS HIMSELF DOWN THE HIGHWAY TO A BRIDGE.

A COOL DIP WILL FIX ME FINE!



HE PLUNGES FROM THE HIGH SPAN..



REVIVED, HE SWIMS TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE.

GOLLY, THIS FEELS GOOD!

CUTTING THROUGH MEADOWS, OVER HILLS, WONDER BOY RACES LIKE THE WIND.



SUDDENLY HE SEES A CAR PULLING INTO AN ALLEY-WAY.



QUICKLY, WONDER BOY RUNS TO THE MACHINE, FOLLOWING IT AS IT PARKS, BUT KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT.

THE PLANS ARE IN THAT CAR?



THE SPY GOES TO WORK IMMEDIATELY, MAKING PHOTO-STATIC COPIES OF THE PLANS.



HMM... DOORS LOCKED. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND IT OPEN!



WONDER BOY LOSES NO TIME BURSTING IN THROUGH THE DOOR.



WHO'S THERE?



NOW WHO DO YOU THINK IT IS??



THE SPY, IN AN ATTEMPT TO SNATCH THE PLANS, TOUCHES A HIGH VOLTAGE CONNECTION.



WONDER BOY FINALLY GETS THE PLANS BACK AND LEAVES THE WRECKED BUILDING.



I'M OFF AGAIN FOR WASHINGTON.

AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.



YOU'VE CERTAINLY DONE OUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE, WONDER BOY.

OH WELL, I ENJOYED THE WALK HERE!

DON'T MISS WONDER BOY'S NEXT ADVENTURE IN NATIONAL COMICS.

Prop POWERS

By Lynn Byrd



THE U.S. COAST GUARD KEEPS STRICT VIGILANCE OVER OUR COASTLINES TO OUTWIT MODERN PIRATES. HEROES OF THE SERVICE ARE PROP POWERS AND HIS HILLBILLY PAL, LANK.



PROP

LANK

STATIONED AT THE SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA BASE, PROP AND LANK ARE OFF DUTY ONE NIGHT

WE OUGHT TO BUST UP THOSE SMUGGLERS THIS WEEK, LANK.

YEAH, AH SHO' WOULD LIKE A WHACK AT 'EM!



SUDDENLY AN ORIENTAL DUCKS INTO A NARROW ALLEY AHEAD OF THEM.

COAST GUARDSMEN! THEY'RE SHADOWING ME! I MUST TAKE NO RISK... SIMPLY KILL THEM.



BUT HE ISN'T FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THEIR ALERT EYES.

THAT GUY IS TRYING TO DUCK US.

LET'S GRAB HIM, PROP?

GO AROUND THE BLOCK, LANK, TO CATCH HIM AT THE OTHER END?

YELLOW GUN FLAME MEETS PROP AT THE ALLEY'S MOUTH

THIS FELLA ISN'T FOOLING BUT I MEAN BUSINESS TOO!

YOU MISSED ME WITH FIVE SHOTS. ALL I NEED IS ONE SOCK AT YOU? HERE IT IS!

AT THE OTHER END OF THE ALLEY, LANK MEETS SUDDEN OPPOSITION.

WHAT TH?

AH, MY FRIEND, WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

WAL, LET'S NOT SHAKE HANDS, FATTY. I GOT SOMETHIN' BETTER FOR YOU!

BUT THE AGILE ORIENTAL SPRINGS FROM BEHIND.

YOU COME WITH ME, EH?

THIS SILK CORD AROUND YOUR NECK MAYBE CHOKE YOU TO DEATH IF YOU RESIST ME!

A-GUG?

AND WHEN PROP REACHES THE SCENE, THE ORIENTAL HAS FLED WITH LANK.

THAT'S SOME OF LANK'S FISTWORK BUT WHERE IS HE?

BOTH THESE MEN ARE OUT COLD.. WHOA? THERE GOES SOMEONE ACROSS THE WHARF.. AND HE'S DRAGGING A BODY!

PROP RUNS AT TOP SPEED ACROSS THE QUAY AND ONTO A DESERTED FISHING BOAT WHARF.

DARN MY LUCK! THE ORIENTAL HAS CAPTURED LANK SO I'VE GOT TO RUSH MY VICTIMS TO THE BASE, AND FOLLOW THAT BOAT IN MY PLANE!



SOON AFTER, AT THE COAST GUARD BASE...

GET INSIDE! YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOME TALKING!



HE SHOVES HIS CAPTIVES INTO THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE.

LANK WAS KIDNAPPED BY THESE RUFFIANS' ALLY. I'M MAKING FATTY LEAD ME TO THEIR HIDE-OUT.



THESE MEN HAVE BEEN SUSPECTED OF SMUGGLING ALIENS, PROP. THEY'RE DANGEROUS. FIND LANK BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!



MOMENTS LATER, PROP FERRIES HIS FAT CAPTIVE TO THE PATROL SHIP.



ABOARD THE PLANE...

WHERE DID THE ORIENTAL TAKE MY CHUM IN THE SPEEDBOAT? TALK OR ELSE!



WITH PROP AT THE CONTROLS, THE PLANE RISES ABOVE THE SEA.

I TALK! FLY SOUTH, SENOR.



OKAY... BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS. THOSE HANDCUFFS WON'T SNAP!

THE ENGINES DRONE AT FULL SPEED. BELOW THEM LIE SCATTERED FISHING VILLAGES.



THEES IS WHERE MY GANG EES, SENOR, BUT THEY WILL KEEL YOU AND ME TOO!

I'LL UNLOCK YOUR HANDCUFFS BUT DON'T LEAVE THE CABIN!





THE PATROL SHIP DROPS QUIETLY INTO THE BAY AND PROP TAXIS UP TO A SMALL PIER.



A CHARGING SHOULDER HURTLES INTO PROP...



BUT HE DRAGS HIS ASSAILANT OVERBOARD.



AFTER A QUICK STRUGGLE IN THE SHALLOW WATER, PROP KAYODES THE THUG.



ASHORE, PROP RUNS A ZIGZAG LINE AS BULLETS WHIZ ABOUT HIM.



BEYOND THE DOOR PROP STOPS SHORT.



NOT WITHOUT YOU AS MY PRISONER, SUYAKI! WE'VE BEEN HUNTING YOU FOR A LONG TIME. NOW YOUR CAREER OF ALIEN SMUGGLING ENDS AND A TWENTY YEAR JAIL TERM AWAITS YOU!



PROP'S HANDS GRAB THE DESK EDGE...



WITH A QUICK HEAVE HE FLIPS IT OVER. SUYAKI'S GUN FIRES HARMLESSLY...



AND HERE'S A SLEEPING POTION FOR YOU!



LANK IS HERE SOMEWHERE! THAT DOOR MUST LEAD TO A TUNNEL! I'LL TRY IT.



MEANWHILE DEEP IN THE TUNNEL, A GUARD BRINGS LANK SOME FOOD.



YOU LEADY TO TALK YET? NO TALK, NO EAT!

OKAY, OCTOPUS! POWERS DON'T KNOW Y'ALL IS HEAH!

RICE AND GRAVY. BAH! HEY, GUARD, COME HERE!



HE'S GOT THE KEYS. HERE'S MY CHANCE.

EAT THIS SLOPPY STUFF YO'SELF! THANKS FOR THE KEYS, OCTOPUS!!



LANK MEETS PROP IN THE TUNNEL...



WAL', BLOW ME DOWN... EF IT AIN'T PROP!

LET'S SCRAM OUT OF HERE QUICK, LANK!

THEY DASH OUT AND GET ABOARD THE PATROL PLANE.



WE'VE GOT NO MORE TIME TO FIGHT THESE GUYS, LANK. WE'LL SEND THE PATROL BOATS DOWN HERE TO TAKE 'EM!

YEAH, PROP! WITH SUYAKI OUR CAPTIVE, THOSE FELLAS WILL BE ALL MIXED UP!



GOSH, IT SHO' WAS LUCKY THIS MEX TOLE YOU WHERE SUYAKI TOOK ME!

YES, PEDRO WAS SCARED WHEN I CAUGHT HIM! HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD EGG I GUESS!



PROP POWERS AND LANK FIGHT THROUGH ANOTHER COAST GUARD EPIC IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

QUICKSILVER

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD
BY NICK CARDY



THE THUNDERING RIGHTER OF WRONGS NOW CATAPULTS HIMSELF INTO NEW TROUBLE, WHICH SELTS BEFORE HIS BLITZKRIEG METHODS..

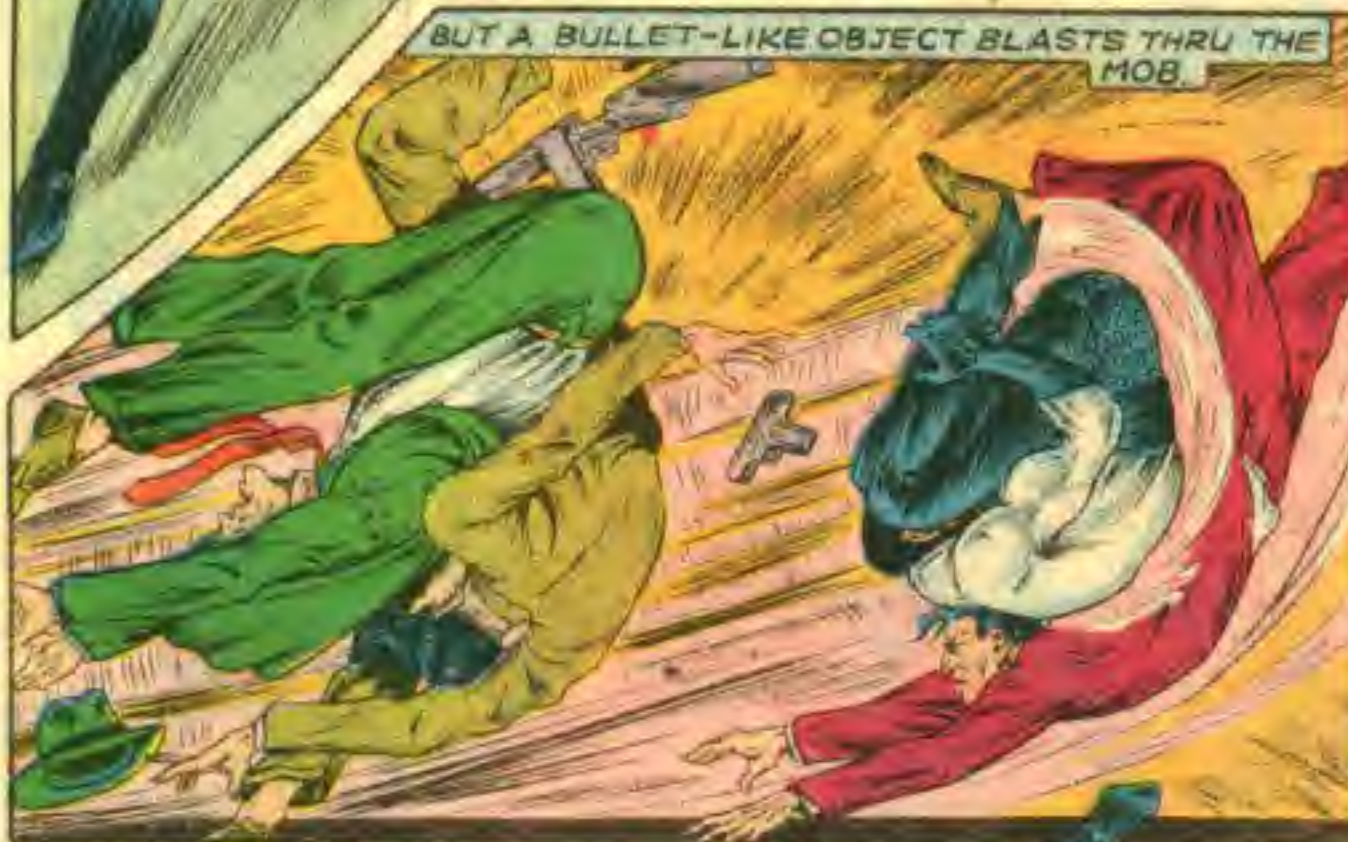


NOW, BARNEY.. THIS IS FOR TELLIN' TH' DA. WHO YOU WERE GONNA TAKE TH' RAP FOR IN TH' TRUCKIN' RACKET!

I-I HAD TO.. THEY CONVICTED ME OF MURDER AND I DIDN'T DO A THING! I DON'T MIND SPENDING A YEAR UP TH' RIVER FOR PUGGELLO.. BUT I'M NOT GOIN' TO TH' CHAIR FOR HIM!



AND BEHIND THE MEN THE SINISTER FIGURE OF QUICKSILVER DROPS..









WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, PUGGELLO'S HIDEOUT HOLDS A MINIATURE HURRICANE..

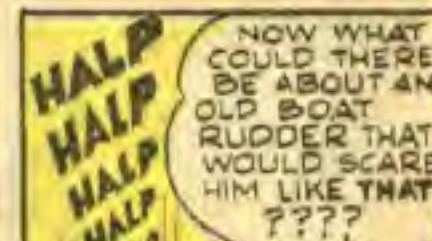
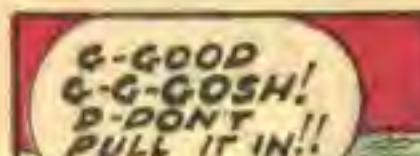
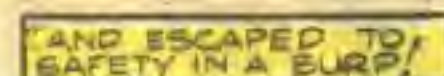
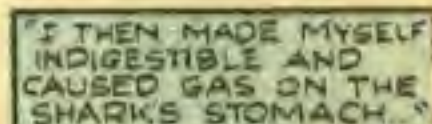
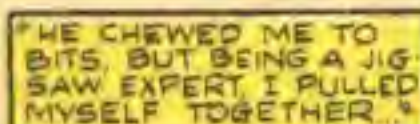
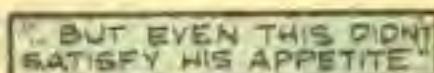
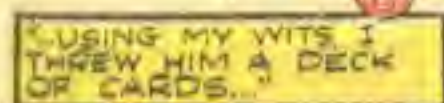


A SHORT TIME LATER, PUGGELLO 'ROLLS' ALONG..

WATCH OUT! QUICKSILVER STRIKES AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

PAGE 38

Windy Breeze



Kid Patrol

by
DAN WILSON



TEDDY, SUNSHINE AND PORKY MEET PAT MALONE, THEIR POLICEMAN BUDDY WHO IS ALSO LEADER OF THE 'TENTH STREET BOYS CLUB'...

YOU FELLOWS MUST HIKE TEN MILES INTO THE WOODS AND CAMP OVERNIGHT TO BECOME STAR RANGERS.

OH BOY! LET'S GET GOING!

SHO'NUFF!



LEAVING PAT, THE KIDS SOON FILL THEIR PACKS.

COME ON, TEDDY, WE'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE SUNDOWN.

THERE'S SUNSHINE'S UNCLE. LET'S ASK HIM WHERE TO CAMP.



WHY DON'T YUH ALL GO UP YONDER TO CREEPY CREEK? SUNSHINE, YOU GOT CHORES BUT YOU FOLLER DE BOYS LATER.



TEDDY AND PORKY TREK DEEP INTO THE WOODS.



FINDING A CAMPSITE, PORKY GOES TO THE CREEK.



BACK IN TOWN SUNSHINE HAS DONE HIS CHORES...HE STARTS AFTER TEDDY AND PORKY AND MEETS SUZY.





WEARILY, THE KIDS FALL FAST ASLEEP AT DAWN, SUNSHINE IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED.



THE BLOODHOUND BOUNDS OFF WITH THE KIDS CLOSE BEHIND.



A SURPRISE AWAITS THEM AT THE CREEK.



THE HERMIT TAKES THEM ASHORE.



THE NEIGHBORS ARE GATHERED AROUND SUZY'S HOUSE WHEN THE KIDS REACH TOWN.



PAT MALONE RUSHES TO MEET THEM.



PEN MILLER

THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE CITY HOSPITAL, TWO FIGURES ENTER... PEN MILLER, THE FAMED COMIC BOOK ARTIST, DETECTIVE AND BANE OF THE UNDERWORLD.. AND HIS LITTLE ORIENTAL VALET.



WELL, HERE I GO, NIKI... TO GIVE SOME OF MY BLOOD FOR BRITAIN...

SOON PEN IS ON HIS BACK, DONATING THE SORELY NEEDED VITAL FLUID TO THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY.



JUST REST THERE ABOUT HALF AN HOUR, MR. MILLER.. THEN YOU CAN GET UP AND GO HOME...



A CURIOUS THING HAPPENS. THE NURSE JABS A NEEDLE THROUGH THE RUBBER CAP ON THE BOTTLE OF BLOOD.

THE GIRL STIFFENS AS SHE SEES THE CARTOONIST'S EYES TAKING IN HER ACTIONS...

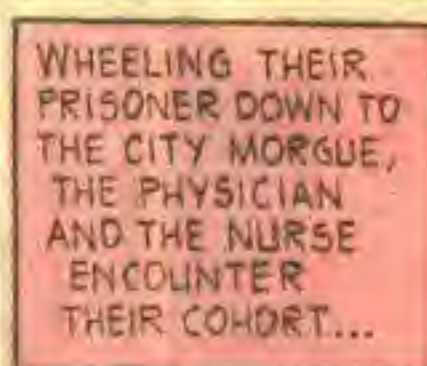


IS THAT A PART OF YOUR REGULAR ROUTINE, MISS?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.







THE SPECTRAL
FIGURE
SHIVERS
AND GROANS..



A-AM I
DREAMING?

I-I- ISN'T HE
S-SUPPOSED
TO BE D-DEAD?



THE MIST CLEARS FROM
PEN'S EYES.. HE SEES
HIS OPPORTUNITY..



YOU COULD USE A
FORMALDEHYDE
BATH YOURSELF!



THE FLEEING
NURSE IS
ACCOSTED
BY THE
APPARITION..



MISSY
REMAIN PRESENT,
PLEASE!



NIKI! YOU LITTLE
GOBLIN!



PHEW! LET ME OUT
OF THIS MESSY
STUFF! BLUB!!



A COMPLETE CON-
FESSION FROM YOU..
AND YOU CAN DRY
OFF IN A NICE,
COZY CELL...

LATER.. AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE..

THEY'RE PAID BY A FOREIGN
GOVERNMENT TO POISON
EVERY BOTTLE OF BLOOD
YOU SEND TO ENGLAND!
CALL THE WAGON!

MILLER, IT'S
UNCANNY THE
WAY YOU UNCOVER
CRIMINAL
PLOTS..



I'VE GOT TO.. HOW
ELSE AM I TO
GET STORIES FOR
MY COMIC PAGES,
EH, NIKI?

GLACIOUS, MIST'
MILLER.. WHAT
KIND TROUBLE
WE GO THOUGH
NEXT TIME?



HALF-MAST

by ANTHONY LAMB

Little Major had noticed that the flag was only half-way up the white pole but he was too excited about the new Curtis speedster that he was going to be allowed to see tested to take much notice of the flag.

Little Major was Major Bur-



nell's eight-year-old pride and joy and he had early grown wings on his heart. He was cut from the same pattern as the Army flyer, and World War ace, his father.

Now he jumped from the staff car that had brought him from the station and rushed to the field. All the way from school he had thought about the new plane, all the time he was riding on the land-locked train. She was supposed to leap from the ground like a grasshopper in the fastest take-off ever seen. His Dad had written that no cloud-climber could beat her for gaining altitude. And—that must be her now! Little Major shouted a greeting to the men gathered around a shining new bird.

He was so interested and so busy asking questions which

he answered himself all in one breath, that Little Major didn't notice the silence that greeted him. He didn't hear the strain in the men's voices as they said, "Hullo there, Little Major. How's the man?"

Then he asked, "Where's the Major?"

The men looked at each other as if each expected another to speak. These were all brave men. Army men who had faced death and danger in stormy skies more times than they could remember — but none of them had the moral fortitude to answer Little Major's question. Where was his Dad?

Finally one of them spoke thickly, "I don't know."

The other's let it pass for it was true enough.

"When are you going to take her up?" asked Little Major.

"Well there's already been one test," Captain Hartney said, looking over Little Major's head and up into the sky as if he were watching for a plane that would never come out of it. "Your—your Dad wanted to wait till you came, but there were some big Army men here that wanted to see it and had to make an early train back. But—" he added quickly, seeing Little Major's look of acute disappointment. "There'll be another test—this plane hasn't gone up yet. It was another one your father tested."

"Hey, fellas what do you say

we take Little Major over to the Comm and tank him up on some freeze fuel. I hear they've whipped up a batch of strawberry ice cream——"

The others welcomed this inspired suggestion at once and Little Major certainly wasn't going to vote NO, although he was more interested in the plane at the time.

He stuffed himself full and the officers sat around him and talked. The ice-cream was too good for him to notice that every once in a while the men grew silent and one would start to speak and then not say anything and look to the others for help.

"Say, that was good," Little Major said as he ran his tongue over his lips for a last delicious taste. "That reminds me, I'll go in and see Cooky, maybe he's got some cakes." He started to go, remembered his manners, turned back and stood at attention. "You'll pardon me, sirs?"

"Sure, go ahead, Little Major," Captain Hartney looked at the rest with a shrug as if to say—How can we tell him? Little Major found Cooky mixing up a batter of something, as usual. But he did notice this time that the jolly man seemed surprised to see him.



"Hullo, Cooky," he said. "I'm going to see my Dad test the Curtis."

Cooky ran his fingers fondly across Little Major's head and said, "That'll be fine, son. But—where's your Dad?"

Just then Taps, the black kitten, scooted across the floor and Little Major dived under the table after it without answering.

Wonder what's wrong with everybody, he thought, they're all treating me so nice and careful—like I had a broken leg or the measles or sumpin'.

He caught the elusive Taps and sat beneath a table fondling the furry animal. There were two pairs of legs before him and he heard whispered voices. Ordinarily he wouldn't stop to listen to the KP's talk, but when they whisper—it means something.

What Little Major heard made him suck in his breath and blink his eyes hard to keep the scalding tears from welling up. He clutched the kitten fiercely.

"Did you hear that? The kid said his dad was going to test the Curtis. Maybe he's still alive. Maybe they only said he was killed when the first Curtis crashed because he had found out somethin' and they were afraid whoever done it would get out of camp before they could catch them. You blunderin' dope, maybe he found the saw you left there and they're checkin' up. We better clear out of here now!"

"I couldn't help leavin' the saw. Someone came along—I got rattled. Aw, he couldn't have lived thru that wreck! We'll get out tonight. We're off duty then. They won't suspect nothin'!"

The men moved on. Little Major's eyes were dry now and his chin stuck out in a determined square line. Standing up, he saw their faces and grabbed

a knife that the one man had been using. He hurried out to the field and ran like the wind till he came to a wrecked plane that had been towed behind the hangar. Little Major searched quickly and carefully. At last he found it. A small saw—one that could cut dangerously thru delicate wires and fine steel instruments—just enough to make them break under the strain of flying. He handled both the knife and the saw carefully—wrapping them in his handkerchief, and carried them to the staff office. Here he grimly demanded that they be examined for fingerprints. Everyone was very obliging. They seemed to want to humor him. Little Major understood why but said nothing. He had a job to do but he had to make sure he was on the right track. The prints were identical on both the kitchen knife and the saw.

Little Major went back to the kitchen and walked up to the two men he had heard talking.

"My father wants to see you at headquarters," he said.

White faced, they followed. There were too many men watching for them to make a break.

Little Major strode into his father's office where Captain Hartney was sitting with the other officers. He held the knife and saw in his hands and said in a loud voice, before the other two were in the room, "Major Burnett, these are the two men who sabotaged your plane. Here is the proof."

The men had stepped into the room and saw at once that they had been tricked. But the startled officers understood the Little Major's trick at once and the men were put under immediate arrest.

Captain Hartney gravely took Little Major's hand between his two brown ones. "We should have told you ourselves, it wouldn't have been so hard for you," he said when he had

heard Little Major's story.

"But if you had told me, sir, I would never have discovered the spies and they might have done more damage. More men may have died."

"Little Major," said Captain Hartney seriously, "you're not a 'little' major any more. I think you've grown up into a very big one."

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DOWN FROM THE NORTH WOODS ROAMS PAUL BUNYAN, THE COLOSSAL LUMBERJACK WHOSE STRONG-MAN FEATS ARE ENVIED BY ALL HE-MEN...

AT A RANCH IN THE COLORADO FOOTHILLS PAUL APPLIES FOR A JOB AS A COWHAND.



LET'S SEE IF YOU KIN ROPE THAT STEER!

TAKE THIS LARIAT! HE'S AN ORNERY ONE!

THANKS MISS, BUT I DON'T NEED IT!

NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I BRING DOWN BEEF ON THE HOOF!



PAUL LEAPS ONTO THE WILD ANIMAL FOR A ROUGH RIDE.





CALM DOWN,
LIL' DOGIE.
THE BOSS
WANTS
TO SEE
YOU!



PAUL FORCES THE STEER TO
SUBMIT AND CARRY HIM
BACK TO THE RANCH HOUSE.

HERE WE
ARE, FOLKS!

GREAT WORK,
BUNYAN, YOU'RE
HIRED!

OH, YOU
WERE
WONDERFUL!



GOTTA KEEP AN
EYE PEELED FOR
RUSTLERS AN'
COYOTES!

SUDDENLY A BAND OF OUTLAWS
GALLOPS DOWN THE RAVINE
FIRING THEIR SIX-SHOOTERS.



THAR THEY GO!
A REG'LAR
STAMPEDE!

BUT PAUL RUSHES INTO THEIR
MIDST, THROWING THEM FROM
THEIR HORSES.



TWO MEN TRY TO "DRY
GULCH" PAUL.



EF HOSSES CAIN'T
STOP THET BIG HOMBRE
HERE'S SOMETHING
THEY WILL!

THEIR .44 SLUGS ZIP PAST
PAUL'S HEAD.



WAR, EH?
THEN WATCH
OUT, FELLAS!



HERE
IT
COMES!

HIS HUGE MISSILE SMASHES THE
BOULDERS..



LEAPIN' LIKE
GRASSHOPPERS
FROM A HAYSTACK!

BUT THE THUNDERING HERD NOW SURROUNDS HIM...



PAUL LEAPS UP AND TAKES A SHORT CUT OVER THE BACK ROAD...



THE OUTLAW LEADER CHECKS HIS FRIGHTENED HORSE.



PAUL SEES THEIR RUSE.



HE JUMPS ON A PAIR OF WILD STEERS AND HEADS DOWNHILL.



THE SNORTING BEASTS CHARGE A RUSTLER OUTSIDE THE CORRAL.



THE BARRICADED DOOR SPLINTERS UNDER THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF PAUL'S BODY...





YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP?



THE OUTLAWS FLEE IN TERROR OUT THE BACK DOOR.

DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY, PAUL!

GANGWAY! I AIN'T FIGHTIN' THIS FELLA!



THE SUDDEN RUSH THROWS WILD FRIGHT INTO THE HORSES.

COME ON, BOYS. LET'S GET OUTTA HERE AFORE HE GRABS US!

BUT PAUL HAS SNATCHED UP THREE LARIATS.



THIS IS GONNA BE A TRICKY SHOT!

THE ROPES CUT THE AIR WITH A SHARP SWISH.



AND LOOP OVER THE STARTLED RUSTLERS.



DURN IT? HE'S GOT US NOW!

PAUL QUICKLY HAULS IN HIS CAPTIVES.



AND LOADS THEM INTO A BUCKBOARD.



I'M TAKIN' THESE FELLAS TO THE SHERIFF, MISS!



HE'S THE DANGED BEST COWHAND I EVER DID SEE. GOT MORE PUNCH THAN A THREE YEAR OLD LONG-HORN, AIN'T HE?

OH, DAD.. HE'S JUST WONDERFUL!

PAUL BUNYAN THROWS HIS AMAZING STRENGTH INTO A WHIRLWIND OF ACTION IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



JACK AND JILL ARE STROLLING THROUGH THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.



HUH? OH! THAT'S JUST A TRUCK BACKFIRING! WHO'D KILL ANYTHING BUT TIME ON A DAY LIKE THIS?



GEE, IT'S LUCKY YOU AND JILL CAME ALONG! SOMEBODY WUZ MOIDERED UPSTAIRS!





JILL PLAYS A HUNCH TOO.



JILL QUICKLY DRAWS A SMALL AUTOMATIC FROM HER PURSE.



BUT THE BIG FELLOW SURPRISES JILL..



IN THE BACK ROOM, JACK HAS RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW..



JACK SWINGS IN WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT.



THE PAWNBROKER HAS SNATCHED JILL'S AUTOMATIC.



HE PUSHES JILL ASIDE AND FIRES ONCE.



THE PAWNBROKER'S PARTNER RISES WEAKLY, CLUTCHING HIS WOUNDED ARM.



WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF STRENGTH, THE BURLY PARTNER SHOVS JACK OFF HIS FEET.



BUT HIS PARTNER DROPS JILL'S GUN AND LEAPS OUT THE DOOR.



JACK APPEARS SUDDENLY OUTSIDE.



THE PAWNBROKER EXPLAINS AS THE POLICE CLOSE IN.



NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST.



Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

by
ARTHUR
BEEMAN

GEE, I WONDER
HOW I'LL MAKE
OUT TODAY?

I FILED THE ARROW
HEADS EXTRA SHARP
SO THEY'LL STICK
EASILY -

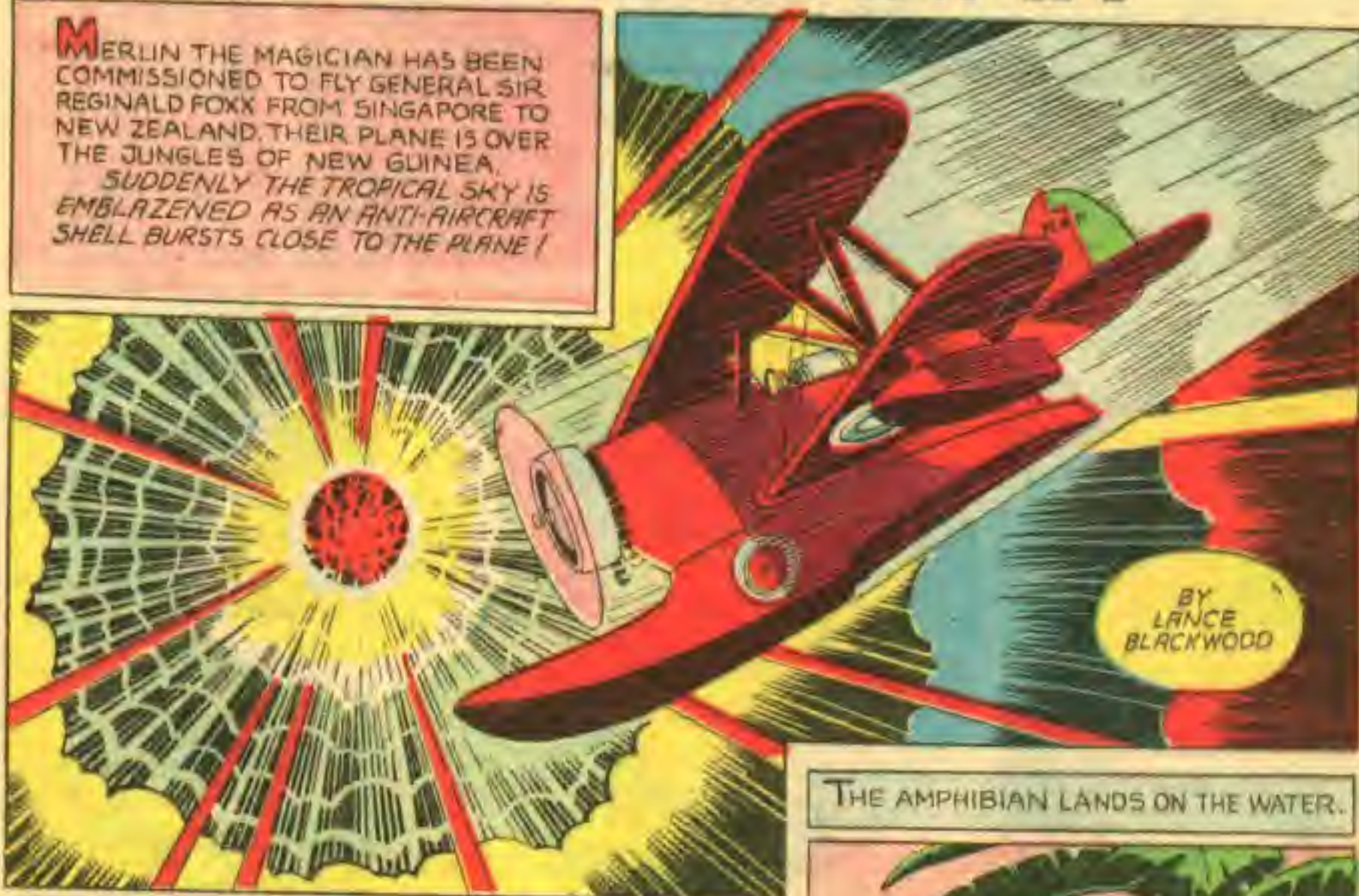


MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN

MERLIN THE MAGICIAN HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO FLY GENERAL SIR REGINALD FOXX FROM SINGAPORE TO NEW ZEALAND. THEIR PLANE IS OVER THE JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA.

SUDDENLY THE TROPICAL SKY IS EMBLAZONED AS AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELL BURSTS CLOSE TO THE PLANE!



THE AMPHIBIAN LANDS ON THE WATER.

HANG ON, GENERAL! WE'RE GOING DOWN! OUR MOTOR'S DAMAGED, BUT I CAN GLIDE TO A LANDING!

WITH THE MOTOR SILENT, THE MAGICIAN STEERS THE PLANE TOWARD A SMALL LAKE.

MAYBE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE PILOTS REPORTED MISSING LAST WEEK!



THAT WAS A GOOD LANDING, MERLIN! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NOW?



FROM THE JUNGLE SHORES OF THE LAKE FIERCE NATIVES PADDLE OUT IN DUGOUT CANOES!



LOOK! WE HAVE COMPANY!

BUT THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE FIRED THAT SHELL AT US!



WE'LL LET THEM CAPTURE US AND THEY'LL PROBABLY TAKE US TO WHO-EVER DID FIRE THAT GUN!



YOU COME WITH US- WE TAKE YOU TO WHITE GOD!



IN THE NATIVE BOATS MERLIN AND THE GENERAL ARE TAKEN UP- RIVER-



AND BROUGHT TO A SETTLEMENT HEWN OUT OF THE JUNGLE.



I SAY! THERE'S THE CANNON THAT SHOT US DOWN!



FROM OUT OF THE MAIN BUILDING A WHITE MAN STEPS.



BUT I'M SO SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY WITH US YOU BETTER GET READY TO DE-PART FROM HERE, AND THIS WORLD! HA, HA, HO!





QUICKLY THE TWO PRISONERS ARE TIED TO A STAKE!

BUT WITH EYES BLAZING MERLIN SHOUTS A MAGIC COMMAND!



ITNA-TFARCRIA NUG! TOOHS TAHT YMENE FO NAITIRB!



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN SWINGS AROUND-

AND PRONOUNCES SENTENCE ON THE WHITE VILLAIN OF THE JUNGLE!

THE HORRIFIED NATIVES DIVE INTO THE BRUSH!



ERNST TRIES TO ESCAPE, BUT NO MATTER WHERE HE TURNS THE CANNON IS ALWAYS IN FRONT OF HIM!



FINALLY BACKED TO THE RIVER'S EDGE THE KILLER JUMPS IN A NATIVE BOAT.



PADDLING FOR ALL HE IS WORTH ERNST HEADS TO MIDSTREAM.



BUT BACK ON SHORE THE GUN AIMS ITSELF AT THE BOAT AND CATCHES ITS FLOATING TARGET IN THE CROSS-HAIR SIGHT!



THE EXPLODING SHELL BLOWS THE FIFTH COLUMN SPY AND HIS FRAIL CRAFT OUT OF THE WATER!



AS ERNST FALLS TO THE WATER A HUNGRY CROCODILE WAITS FOR HIM!



GRIPPED IN THE LETHAL JAWS OF THE HUGE REPTILE, THE WHITE KILLER SINKS TO HIS DOOM.





UNDER THE MAGICIAN'S INFLUENCE TWO DRUMSTICKS TAP OUT A MESSAGE ON THE NATIVE TOM-TOM!



THE TOM-TOM BEATS ARE HEARD AT VARIOUS VILLAGES AND FORWARDED TO THE FORT.



AT FORT MORESBY.

DRUM MESSAGE FROM INTERIOR SAYS TWO WHITE AVIATORS DOWN ON LAKE HABBEMA!



A SEAPLANE FLIES FROM THE FORT IN SEARCH OF MERLIN AND THE GENERAL.



BACK IN THE JUNGLE MERLIN AND SIR REGINALD HAVE MADE FRIENDS WITH THE NATIVES!



HAIL TO ENGLAND!
WE'LL FIGHT AGAINST
HER ENEMIES!

PRESENTED WITH A
BOAT, THE MAGICIAN
AND THE GENERAL
PADDLE TO THEIR
SEAPLANE.



I THINK
I HEAR AN AIRPLANE
MOTOR!

OVERHEAD THE RESCUE PARTY
SPIES THE STRANDED PLANE.



THERE THEY ARE - WE'LL
LAND IMMEDIATELY!

I'LL
GET THE
INFLATED
RAFT
READY.

HOW DID
IT HAPPEN,
SIR?

KILLER ERNST HAD AN
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN
BACK IN THE JUNGLE,
BUT HE WON'T BOTHER
ANYBODY AGAIN!



IN A FEW HOURS THE DAMAGED
MOTOR IN MERLIN'S PLANE IS FIXED.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, NOW, SIR.
ALL YOU NEED IS SOME
GASOLINE!

I'LL
SEE
WHAT I
CAN DO!



ENILOSAG,
RAEPPA!



AT THE SOUND OF MERLIN'S MAGIC VOICE
SEVERAL CANS OF GASOLINE APPEAR
ON THE WATER.



WHY - THEY'RE
RISING UP FROM
THE BOTTOM!

SAY - YOU'RE
SOME
MAGICIAN,
MERLIN. I'M
GLAD YOU'RE
ON OUR
SIDE!

THANKS,
BOYS,
BUT
SIR
FOXX
AND I
MUST BE
OFF!



UP IN THE SKY, MERLIN
CONTINUES ON TO HIS
DESTINATION WHERE
MORE ADVENTURE AND
THRILLS AWAIT HIM!



CHEERIO!

Train Your Feet for Active Sports



Keds Booster oxford



Keds All Sport oxford



Keds Gamemaster oxford



Bike Keds



"You Don't Have To Sit in the Stands Unless You Want To,"
says FRANK LEAHY

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy



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AUGUST

No. 14



NATIONAL

COMICS

10¢



STARRING
**UNCLE
SAM**
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
CHARACTER



© G M PATROL

SALLY O'NEIL

QUICKSILVER

TAKE A TIP FROM A NAVY TORPEDO



SPEED

To maintain their fast cruising speed of over 300 m.p.h., U. S. Navy's torpedo bombers must deliver maximum power per pound of weight. Remember this when you buy bike tires. Get the U.S. Royal Rider. Its stronger, lighter-weight Rayon construction means more speed for you.

CONTROL

Diving at terrific speed... releasing torpedoes point-blank a few feet above the sea... these planes must have perfect control and maneuverability. In U. S. Royal Riders, 7 riding ribs plus 2 traction ribs control skids, assure quick stops on wet roads or dry.



**U. S. ROYAL
RIDER**
WITH
RAYON CORD

STRENGTH

Stress and strain from heavy loads, quick dives and pull-outs call for the strongest yet lightest metal construction. Rayon Cords in Royal Rider Tires give you this same kind of lightweight strength the Navy builds into torpedo planes.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U. S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U. S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

UNITED STATES

549 East Georgia Street



RUBBER COMPANY

Indianapolis, Indiana

WIN ONE OF THESE **2 FREE TRIPS**
TO RYDER'S
 STRAIGHT SHOOTIN'—
 AND THINKIN' WINNS
 A TRIP TO MY RANCHO

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Ranch!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 18, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods. Then enjoy life on the Ranch—a mountain park-trip—walk to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Herman actually *DREAM* his famous Cartoon Girls "RED RYDER" in his mountain estate! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Editor

RECORDIO JR.

Wonders of the most beautiful, amazing new **RECORDION**—the **WONDER MACHINE** of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home your radio, instrument, play back. Use also as radio or phonograph. Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with mike & clear recording disc. **VALUE each... \$13.95**

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Winged from 10 (11) to 12 (13) inches. All parts white with dark
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UN WRAP

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Rider's famous horse "THUNDER." Value each \$1.00.

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a **PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS** from The Hathorn. Customized as the **PERSONAL GIFT**

RED
RYDER
GARBINE
JUNE 29

DUTY
ADDED
IN
CANADA

WITH
16
INCH
LEATHER
SADDLE
THONG

April 1964 (1964)—at least someone had water, sports grounds & development plan. If Douglas is well known to Indian Circle news group—such as the grant of the Indian water—was it used & accepted? (List added in February are all below.)

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET AND ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS

or Write Us!

In this order—your Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and

is also your Extra Blank. Go after one of these 20 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!

DAISY AIR RIFLES

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